

THRILLING TALES OF HORROR & SUSPENSE

MAY 1952

DARK MYSTERIES

NO. 6

HAVE NO FEAR, DEAR,
IT WON'T HURT YOUR
TIME HAS COME...SEE
IT FITS...NOW!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T
BE! THAT NOOSE HAS
MY NAME ON IT...YOU
ARE...DEATH!

IF THE NOOSE FITS
WEAR IT! AND OTHER STORIES.

TALES OF
HORROR AND
SUSPENSE.

THRILLING TALES OF HORROR & SUSPENSE

MA
EERIE
ADVENTURES

DARK MYSTERIES

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TOD
BUSHMAN

IF THE NOOSE FITS
WEAR IT! AND OTHER STORIES.

TALES OF
HORROR AND
SUSPENSE.

Specialist Says:
WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

ELECTRIC Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing
Penetrating Massage



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use spot REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.



Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—**MASSAGE!**

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—neck, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handily made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. **MAIL COUPON NOW!**

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS



CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



MUSCULAR ACHES:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way — in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. E-944,
318 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name

Address

City State

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose \$9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Some money back guarantee applies.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

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MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

CURSE of the PRAIRIE GHOST!

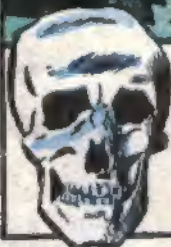


IT'S THE GIRL - DORLA...
BUT SHE - SHE'S DEAD.

OUR CARAVAN - SHE'S BRINGING
IT BACK TO US... BUT IT
CAN'T BE!

THANK GOD,
WE'RE SAVED.

DW



COME BACK THROUGH THE YEARS WITH ME AND I WILL TELL YOU A STORY OF TERROR AND DEATH ABOUT A PARTY OF COURAGEOUS FAMILIES THAT HAD SET OUT ON A TREK ACROSS THE CONTINENT TO SETTLE IN THE WEST - AND FIND GOLD. THEY HAD SEEN THEIR WAGONS AND SUPPLIES TAKEN FROM THEM AND EXPECTED TO DIE IN THE WILDERNESS. THEN, OUT OF THE SNOW-STORM, LIKE AN APPARITION, THERE APPEARED THEIR CARAVAN - WITH NO DRIVERS EXCEPT... BUT THAT IS OUR STORY---

SETH ADAMS
HAD
PURCHASED
THE LAST
OF THE
SUPPLIES
FOR THE
PARTY OF
FORTY-
NINERS.
THEY WERE
READY TO
SET OUT
THAT VERY
DAY.



SETH, CALL OFF
THE TRIP. THESE
ARE DANGEROUS
TIMES. THERE'S
A GOOD FUTURE
HERE.

WE'RE ALL SET TO
GO, MR. GRIMES. WE
WANT TO BEAT THE
SNOW STORMS AND
WE HAVE A GOOD
PARTY. BESIDES...



DORLA AND I WANT TO
GET MARRIED - WHEN
WE REACH CALIFORNIA.
I DON'T WANT TO
DELAY A SINGLE DAY.

MY BOY, YOU
KNOW NOTHING
ABOUT DORLA.
SHE ARRIVED
HERE OUT OF
NOWHERE, AS
FAR AS WE KNOW.





I DON'T CARE WHAT PEOPLE SAY - I LOVE HER.

LOOK AT HER - WHY DOESN'T SHE DRESS LIKE US? ALWAYS WEARING A RED CAPE!



NOW NO MORE TALK AGAINST DORLA, WOMAN. SHE'S A GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

EVERYONE GET INTO YOUR WAGONS. WE'RE READY TO START.



WE'LL HAVE TO BEAT THE HEAVY SNOWS, DORLA. WE MUST MAKE GOOD TIME.

WE'LL BE MARRIED AS SOON AS WE GET TO SETH! I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH!

THE SECOND DAY OUT...



WHO, CAN THAT BE?

RIT ALLAN HAD RIDDEN AFTER THE PARTY TO WARN THEM OF DESPERADOES ON THE LOOSE.



THEY'RE RIGHT IN THESE PARTS AND DESPERATE MEN. I CAME TO WARN YOU TO TURN BACK.

HOW DID THEY BREAK JAIL?

RIT ALLAN TOLD US HOW

RUBELL NIXON HAD CONCEALED A KNIFE AND HE STABBED THE GUARD WHEN HE BROUGHT IN HIS TRAY.



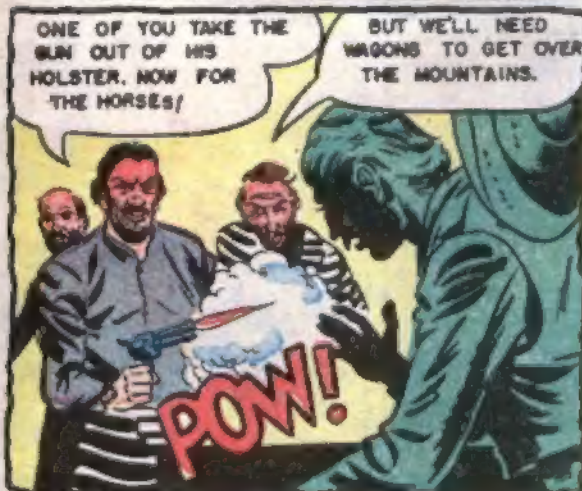
AAAGGHH!



COME ON BOYS - THIS IS A BREAK! I'VE GOT THE GUARD'S GUN. I'LL TAKE HOOK, RUS AND SEVEN OTHERS!

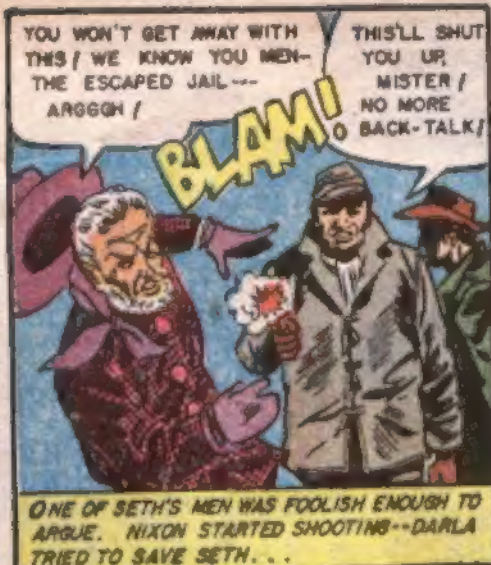
"SO THESE TEN DESPERADOES KILLED THE GUARD AND SHERIFF AND TOOK ALL THE GUNS AND ALL THE HORSES THEY COULD FIND..."

"THEN THEY MOUNTED THE HORSES BELONGING TO THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN. THEY COULDN'T STOP FOR SUPPLIES - THERE WAS NO TIME - SO IF THEY COME ACROSS THIS CARAVAN - WE'LL..."



NIXON AND HIS GANG CAME UPON THE SLEEPING CAMP. THEY BURNED ONE WAGON AND COMMANDEERED THE OTHERS.

DON'T BURN THE OTHER WAGONS. WE NEED THEM TO GET THROUGH AND FOR THE SUPPLIES.



THAT NIGHT DORLA DIED, AND AS THEY BURIED HER THE SNOWS CAME.



THE DESPERADOES WITH THEIR STOLEN CARAVAN ARRIVED AT THE WHITE CAVES.



AS HOOK WENT IN SEARCH OF LOGS, HE WAS STARTLED TO MEET A GIRL IN THE WOODS.





LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND, BOYS!

HEY, HOOK, WHAT'CHA GOT THERE? WHERE DID YA FIND HER?



THE WARMTH OF THE CAVE SEEMED TO BRING HER TO...

I'M THE LEADER. I TAKE THE RISKS, I GET THE GIRL.

WE'LL CHOOSE FOR HER. MAY THE BEST MAN WIN.



WELL, I'VE WON BOYS! SO LONG... HUB IS SECOND!

LUCKY, HOOK TOOK THE GIRL OUT OF THE CAVE...

AN HOUR LATER... A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM RENT THE AIR.

OUTSIDE THE CAVE, HOOK'S BODY IS FOUND - HIS OWN HOOK STICKING IN HIS THROAT.



THE GIRL'S BACK BUT WHERE'S HOOK? SPEAK GIRL.

WHERE'S HOOK, WH. WHAT'S THAT SCREAM.

ARRRGGH...



HOOK'S KILLED HIMSELF! WHAT'D HE DO THAT FOR? IT'S THE GIRL'S FAULT. I SAY GET RID OF HER.

SHE'S MINE NOW! I'LL MAKE HER TALK.



COME ON, BABE. HOW ABOUT A KISS? YOUR FIRST BOY-FRIEND GOT COLD FEET. HA, HA.



BRR... WHY YOU'RE COLD. COME OUT WITH ME, I'LL BUILD A FIRE.

HUB WAS THE NEXT TO TAKE DORLA AS HIS BOOTY...

HEY, HUB KILLED HIMSELF / HEY-BOYS / COME OUT HERE /



SUDDENLY ONE OF THE MEN CAME YELLING OUT OF THE NIGHT...

WHAT'S BETTING INTO EVERYBODY? FIRST HOOK- THEN, HUB / IT'S THE GIRL...

WELL, SHE WON'T GET ME I'LL KILL THE GIRL. SHE DOESN'T SCARE ME.



RUS TOOK CHARGE...

AS RUS'S BULLETS SEEMED TO PASS THROUGH DORLA, THE DESPERADOES CRINGED IN FEAR.

I CAN'T KILL HER / SHE'S NOT HUMAN- STOP HER.

MAYBE HE LOST HIS AIM /



WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THAT GIRL - SHE'S A WITCH / LOOKIT WHAT SHE'S DONE TO HOOK AND HUB /

HE'S GONE CRAZY.



LET GO OF ME. I'M STILL LEADER. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT SMART BABE.



I'LL BEAT HER BRAINS OUT WITH THIS---HEY / WHAT'S HAPPENING? LOOK OUT-- THE CAVE'S FALLING IN...





LET US OUT OF
HERE!

KNOCK HER DOWN,
SHE'S BLOCKING
THE ENTRANCE!

I CAN'T MOVE
HER.



ARRGGHH!
GURGG!

NONE OF THE DESPERADOS ESCAPED

IN THE THREE DAYS SINCE THE
DESPERADOES STOLE THEIR
CARRIAGE THE PARTY OF
TRAVELERS HAD REACHED THE
END OF HOPE.

SUDDENLY SETH SEES
THREE COVERED WAGONS
APPROACHING THEM.

LOOK EVERYONE - LOOK!
OUR WAGONS - THEY'RE
COMING BACK...



WE CAN NEVER
SURVIVE. LET US
PRAY.



SETH--WHO-IS-THAT--DRIVING THE
FIRST WAGON? IT LOOKS
LIKE DORLA. IT
CAN'T BE... SHE'S
DEAD!

NO- NOT
DORLA / I
BURIED HER MY-
SELF... HERE...



IT'S DORLA. SHE'S BROUGHT BACK OUR
WAGONS. WE'RE SAVED / BUT... IT'S IMPOS...



.....
SETH
HASTENED
TO CLIMB
UP TO THE
WAGON
SEAT.
THERE WAS
NO ONE
THERE. ALL
THE WAGONS
WERE EMPTY
- EXCEPT
FOR THE
SUPPLIES
AND...

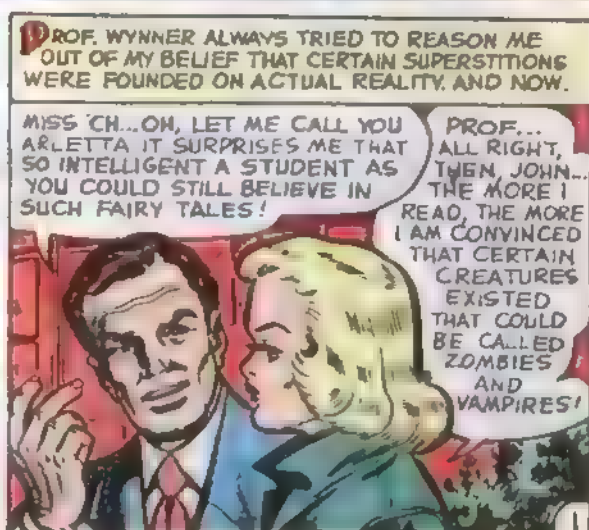
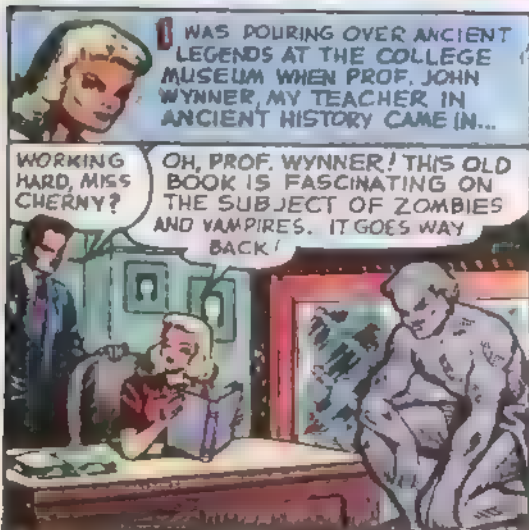
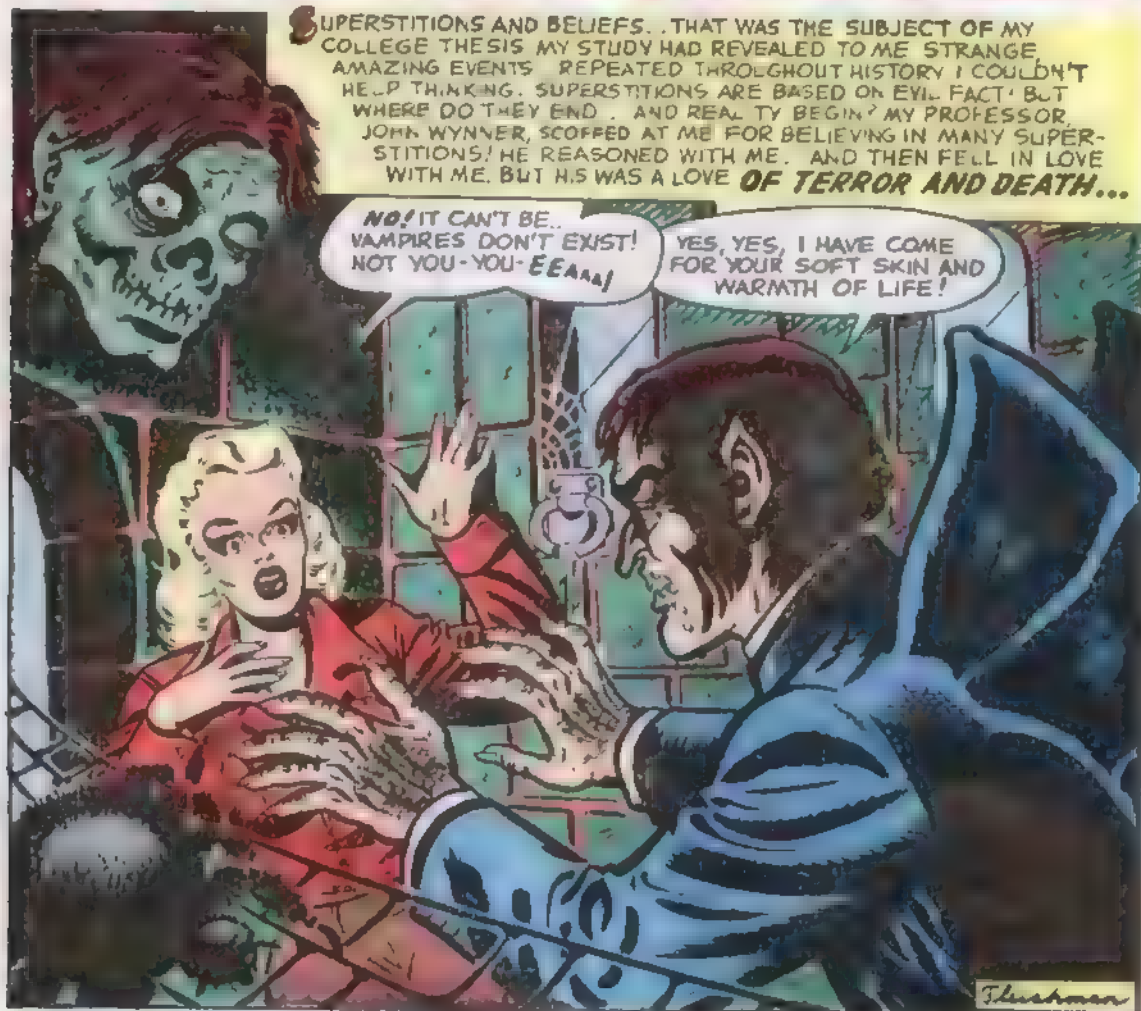


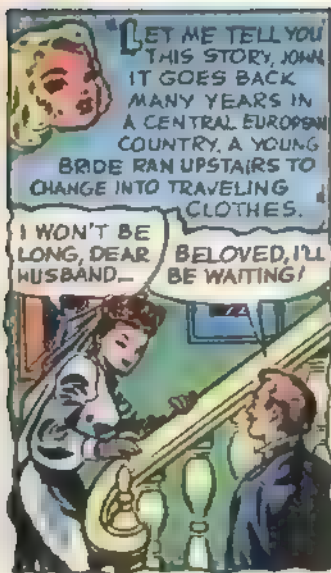
IT'S DORLA'S CAPE / BUT
I BURIED HER IN IT... SHE
SAID SHE WOULD COME
BACK!



THE
End

HAUNT OF THE ANCIENT CASTLES





LET ME TELL YOU THIS STORY, JOHN. IT GOES BACK MANY YEARS IN A CENTRAL EUROPEAN COUNTRY, A YOUNG BRIDE RAN UPSTAIRS TO CHANGE INTO TRAVELING CLOTHES.

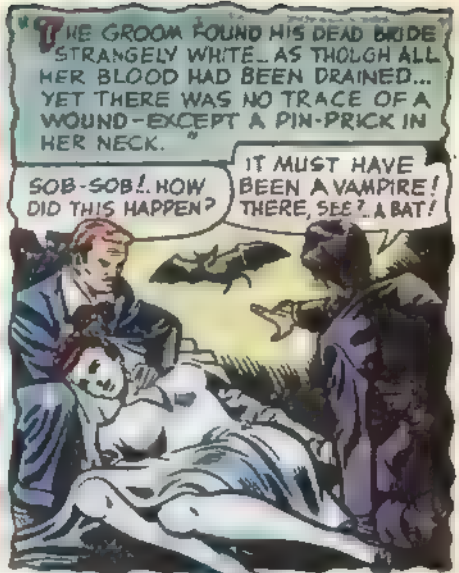
I WON'T BE LONG, DEAR HUSBAND...

BELOVED, I'LL BE WAITING!



HELP! ARRGGH...

WHAT IS THAT... MY WIFE!



SOB-SOB! HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A VAMPIRE! THERE, SEE? A BAT!

THEY FOUND A RING ON THE FLOOR. IT BELONGED TO A MAN NAMED SASHA... THEN A BABY IN A CRADLE DIED...

MY BABY!... MY BABY IS DEAD!

YES, DRAINED OF BLOOD... BUT AT LEAST JOHANN IS SAFE!

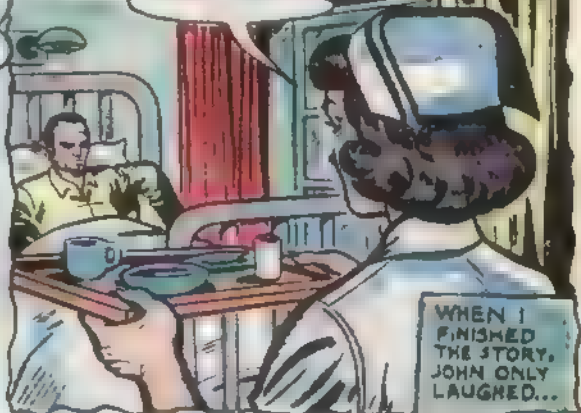
A VAMPIRE DID IT AND SASHA'S WALLET IS HERE! YES, JOHANN WILL AVENGE HIS SISTER! I CURSE THEM!

I PRO MISS YOU



BUT AT THE TIME, SASHA WAS MANY MILES AWAY, IN A HOSPITAL... EXPLAIN THAT JOHN...

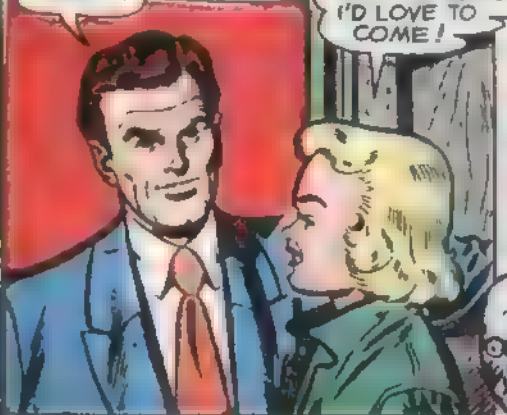
YES, SASHA, YOU HAVE BEEN IN A TRANCE... YOU WERE VERY SICK!



WHEN I FINISHED THE STORY, JOHN ONLY LAUGHED...

IT'S JUST A FABLE, ARLETTA, SAY YOU KNOW WE'RE LEAVING ON THE STUDENT EUROPEAN TOUR NEXT WEEK. WHY NOT COME WITH US? THAT'S WHERE THOSE STORIES COME FROM...

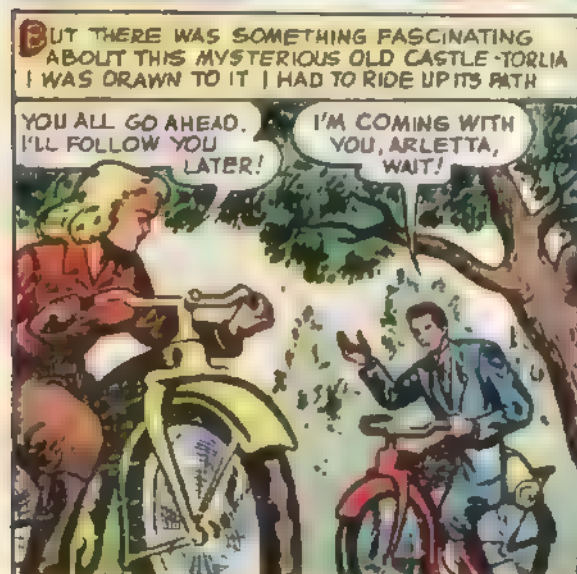
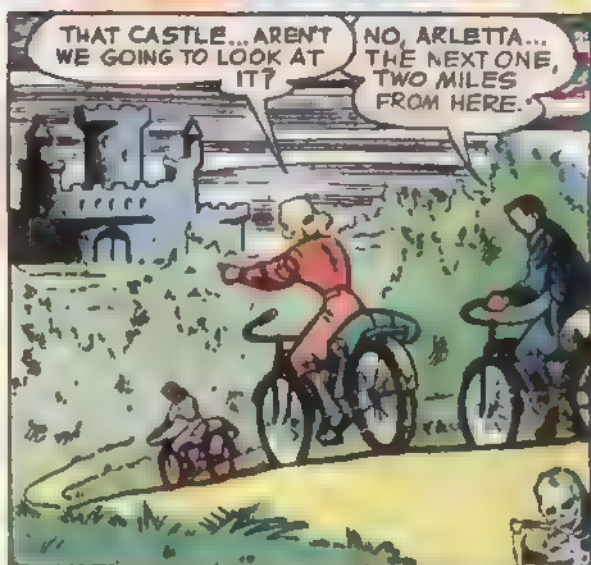
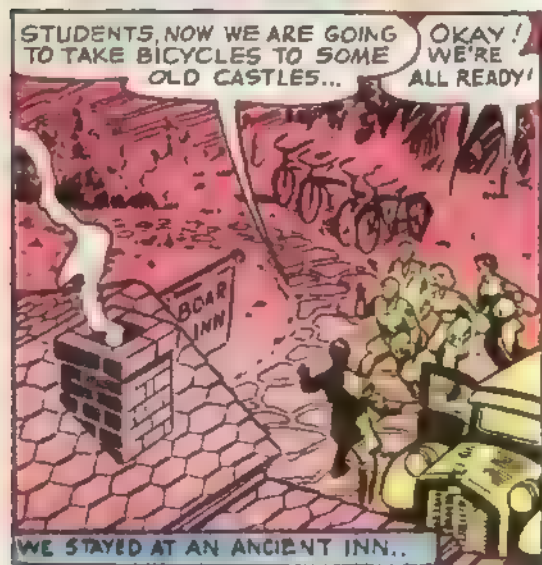
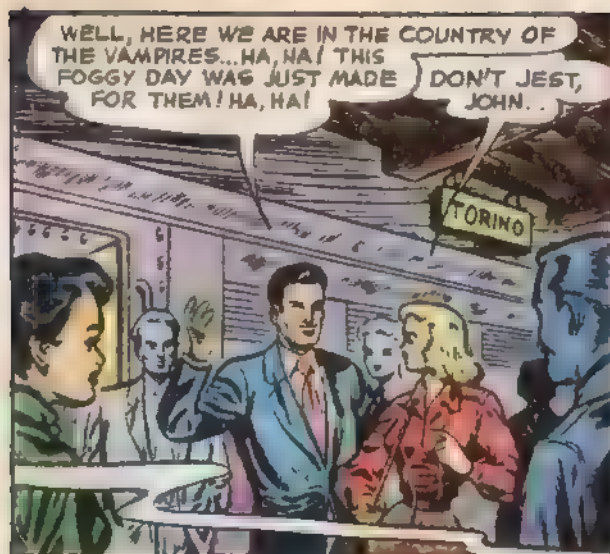
HOW WONDERFUL! I'D LOVE TO COME!

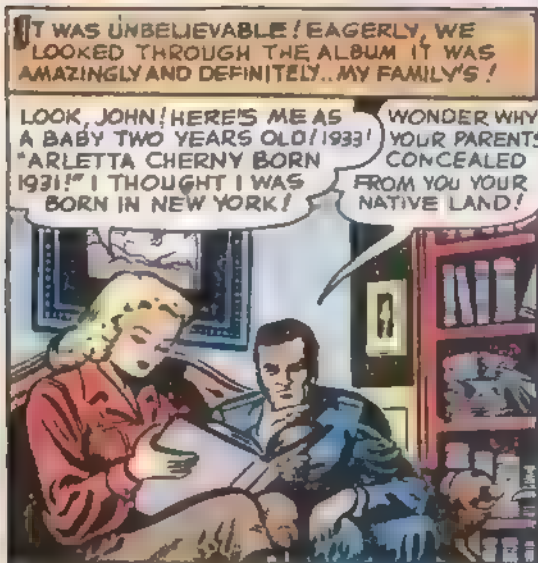
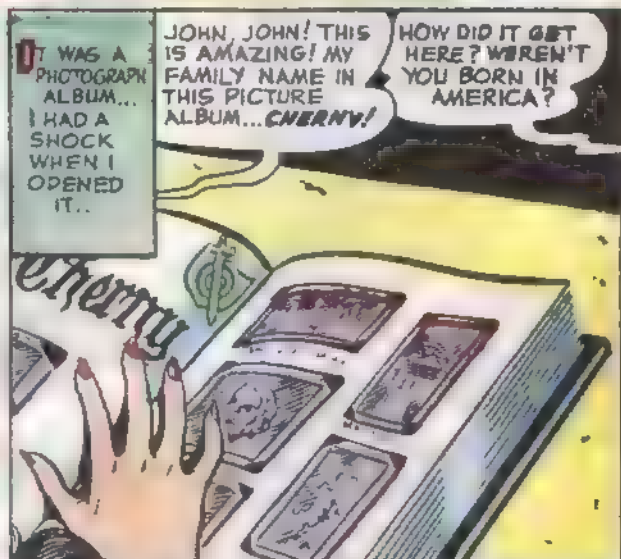
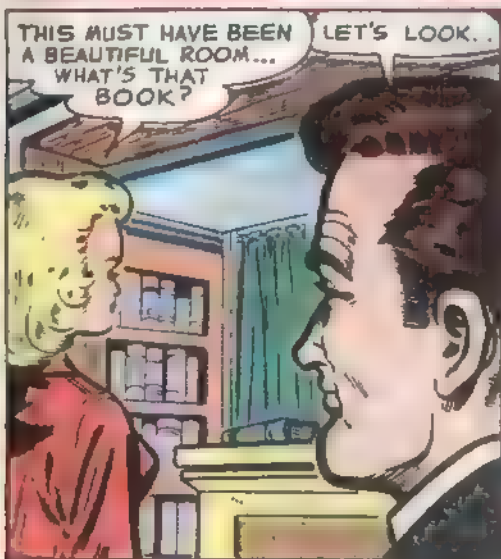
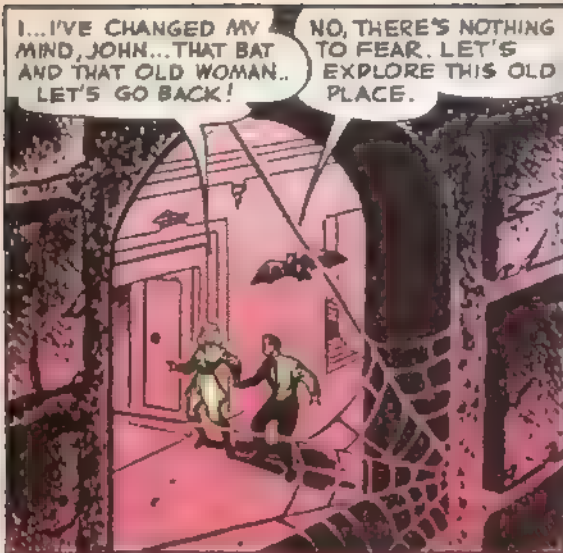


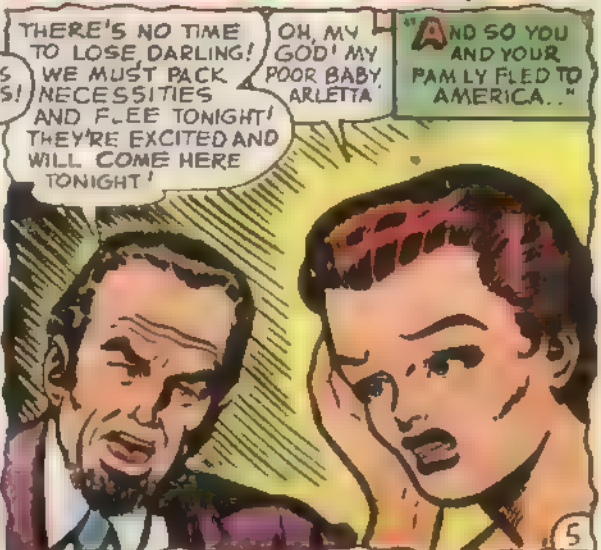
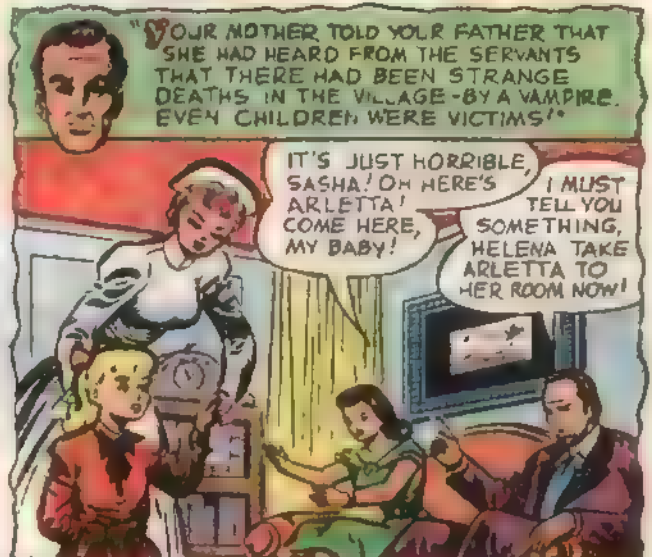
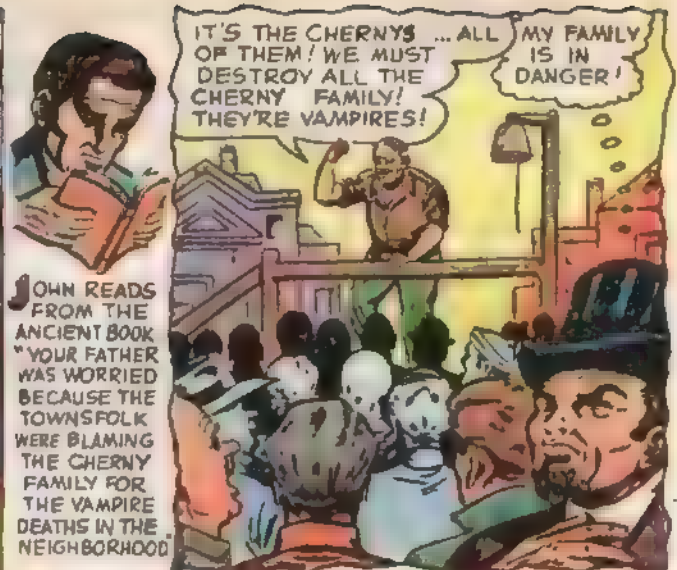
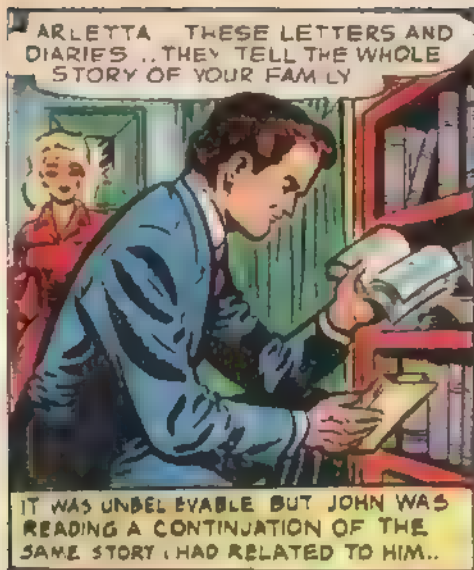
SOON I WAS ON MY WAY TO EUROPE WITH THE STUDENT GROUP...

ARLETTA, WHEN YOU STUDY THESE PEOPLE AND THEIR CUSTOMS YOU'LL COME TO RECOGNIZE SUPERSTITIONS AS SUCH.

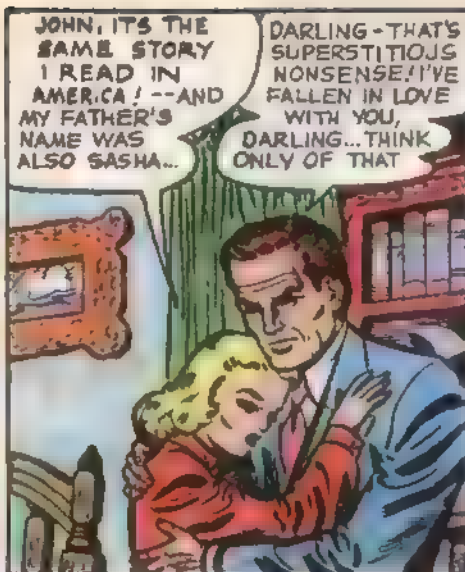








I WAS STUNNED BY THIS HISTORY OF THE CHERNYS. ALL THIS WAS A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO ME AND WHAT WOULD JOHN THINK?



JOHN, IT'S THE SAME STORY I READ IN AMERICA! --AND MY FATHER'S NAME WAS ALSO SASHA...

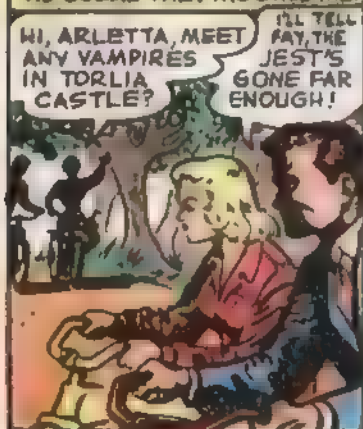
DARLING - THAT'S SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE! I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU, DARLING... THINK ONLY OF THAT



H--HOW COULD YOU? BUT--MY FATHER SAID IT WAS ANOTHER FAMILY--THE VINQUOS!

REALLY, DEAR! FORGET THIS EUROPEAN SUPERSTITION... THIS IS TODAY!

RIDING BACK TO THE INN I FELT HAPPIER KNOWING THAT JOHN LOVED ME. WE MET THE OTHER STUDENTS. AS USUAL THEY MOCKED ME.



HI, ARLETTA, MEET ANY VAMPIRES IN TORLIA CASTLE?

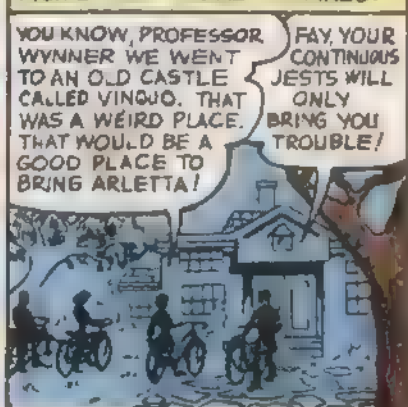
I'LL TELL FAY, THE JEST'S GONE FAR ENOUGH!



REALLY, PROFESSOR... IS HOW COULD YOU TAKE ARLETTA ON OUR TOUR... SHE'S SO FULL OF SUPERSTITION... SHE AND HER VAMPIRES!

IT A SUPERSTITION THAT GIRLS ARE CATS FAY?

AS WE DISMOUNTED OUR BICYCLES AT THE INN, I WAS STARTLED TO HEAR THE NAME OF "VINQUO" UTTERED BY FAY. MY MOTHER HAD SAID IT WAS THE VINQUO FAMILY THAT WERE VAMPIRES!



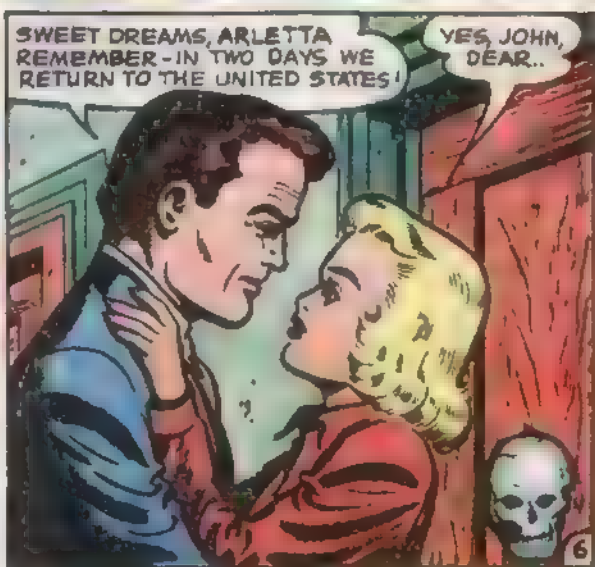
YOU KNOW, PROFESSOR WYNNER WE WENT TO AN OLD CASTLE CALLED VINQUO. THAT WAS A WEIRD PLACE. THAT WOULD BE A GOOD PLACE TO BRING ARLETTA!

FAY YOUR CONTINUOUS JESTS WILL ONLY BRING YOU TROUBLE!



GOODNIGHT, ARLETTA, DON'T LET THE VAMPIRES GET YOU!

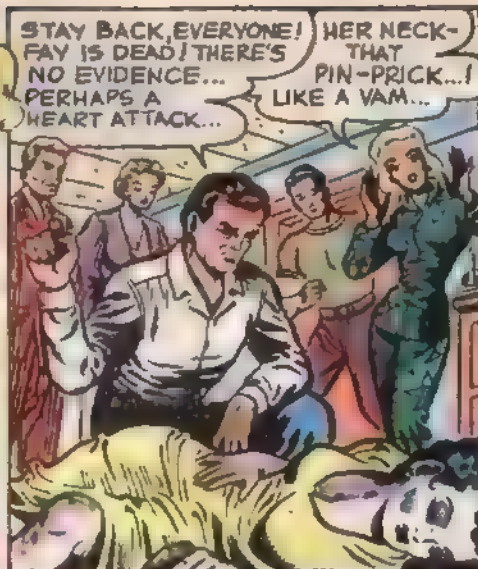
CAN'T YOU EVER STOP TEASING, FAY!



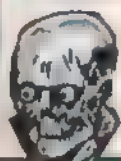
SWEET DREAMS, ARLETTA REMEMBER - IN TWO DAYS WE RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES!

YES, JOHN, DEAR..





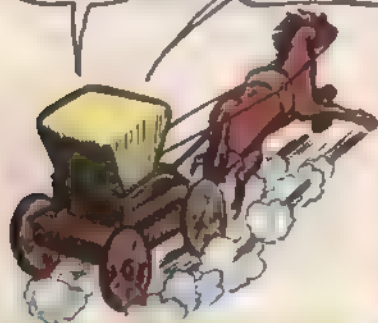
I STARTED TO SAY "A VAMPIRE'S BITE" BUT I KNEW THEY'D ALL MOCK ME FOR MY SUPERSTITIONS. YET SHE WAS DRAINED OF BLOOD... AND THAT SMALL PINPOINT ON HER NECK!



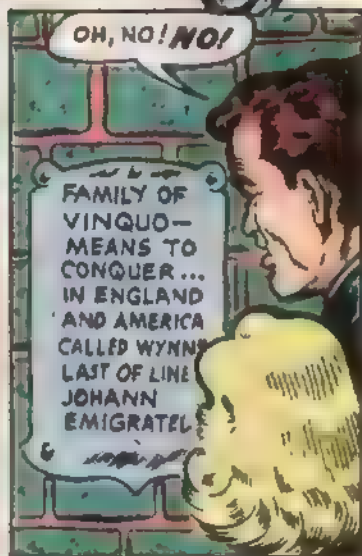
I HIRED A CALASH TO GO TO THE CASTLE OF THE VINQUO FAMILY. I FELT I MUST FIND OUT. JOHN SAW ME LEAVING AND FOLLOWED ME

BUT, ARLETTA, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOUR PLAN?

I WAS AFRAID, JOHN, I WOULD BE BLAMED FOR FAY'S DEATH!



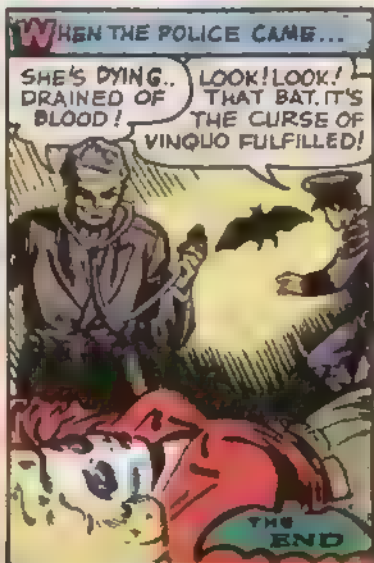
PERHAPS I CAME TO THIS CASTLE TO TRY TO PROVE IT WAS THE VINQUO FAMILY- NOT MINE-THAT DESERVED THE NAME OF "VAMPIRE." THEN, ON THE DOORWAY, WE SAW THE PLAQUE...



JOHN WAS SILENT AS WE WENT INTO THE CASTLE... I WAS AFRAID... I WANTED TO RUN AWAY! BUT... JOHN WAS CHANGING INTO A VAMPIRE!!

NOW I KNOW THE TRUTH! YES I AM THE VAMPIRE! THE LITTLE VINQUO, JOHANN SWORN TO TAKE REVENGE!

NO! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!



THE END

When You Have To Defend Yourself Do What The EXPERTS Do! USE THEIR 3-POWER SYSTEM



1
JIU-
JITSU



2
WRESTLING



3
BOXING

OVERCOME ANY ENEMY —
No matter how big he is
or how small you are!

NOW—discover from experts—this quick, easy way
how you can defend yourself anywhere — anytime!

HERE'S every science of self-defense and lethal attack, wrapped up into one triple-action package. This new fast-moving 3-power system will make you tough to conquer, or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!

You'll Gain
Respect for
Manliness .

Like Getting
Personal
Instruction

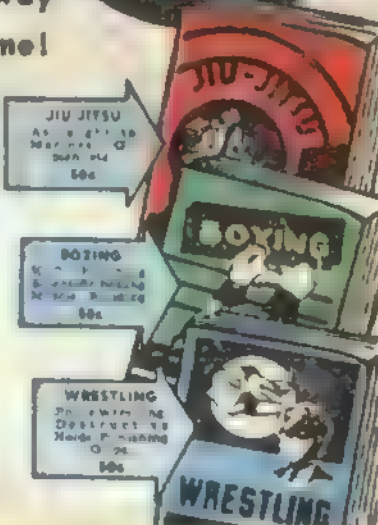
Act Now,
Be Prepared

In every dynamite-packed page, experts teach you through pictures and stories how you can E O your enemy with one clean scientific wallop! How to master him with punishing, bruising, wrestling holds! How to use his strength to destroy himself through deadly Jiu-Jitsu.

Never again cringe or shy away from a bully (imagine the wonderful thrill of confidence that nobody can push you around. Think of the respect others will have for you, the safety they'll feel being with you, when they find out what a rough and ready scrapper, deadly-efficient he-man you can be.

You learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method. You learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in your own home. But you don't pay the price of personal instruction. The experts who prepared these instructions want everyone to know how to defend himself. They want to make a "big man" of every small one. So the price was made so — so that everyone could afford to have these instructions. Yes, you can't afford to be without them.

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GHOST OF THE GOLDEN SLIPPER

By ELLEN LYNN

SUPERNATURAL people and mountain climbers both like silent places. And this day the mountain peaks were almost hidden by caps of silent clouds. Henry Gorcey and his family were not thinking of ghosts however as they drove up to the picturesque Inn in the famous mountain climbing resort of Rancee. Three hearts were throbbing with excitement and anticipation at the prospect of climbing to those seemingly impossible summits—Ellen, his wife, and the ten-year-old Susan—and Henry himself. There was a happy and warm welcome for them at the very entrance for the proprietor of the Half-Way House was Henry's long-time friend, Peter Milano. Together both men had climbed some of the most difficult mountains in the Alps and it had been six years since they had seen each other.

Early the next morning a small climbing party stood outside the Inn ready for the climb. It was another cloudy day, with a cold sun trying hard to penetrate the heavy mists. Every so often it succeeded in bursting through in a blaze of gold, only to be quickly subdued by the persistent cloak of fog. Susan was bobbing around impatient to get started. Her mother had objected to her accompanying the party, but father had overriden the objections, happy that his child had acquired his zest for the exhilarating sport of mountain-climbing.

"She'll go as far as she can," he reassured Ellen. "Then one of the men will go back with her. Perhaps you, too?" Henry teased his wife.

At the top of the mountain—Henry gazed with pride at his daughter, Susan. She had made the top! Ellen and he exchanged happy glances. Susan's eyes were round as saucers as she watched the awesome splendor of the panorama stretched out below this great height. But a sudden chill overcast the gay mood of the party. Tragedy had struck a ghostly blow.

The period of rest was over and all were preparing to start on the downward climb.

"Henry, where's Susan?" Ellen's question was casual.

"Oh—she must have wandered off a bit—" the reply was just as casual.

But there was little area in which to wander and soon a bustle of panic pervaded the air. With the whole countryside spread out wide open to their eyes not a sign of young Susan could be detected by anyone. Hysterically—on the top of her lungs—the frantic mother yelled—"S-u-s-a-n! Yooooo. . . Answer me—Susan?"

Then Henry added the full strength of his voice—and one by one the whole party joined in the yelling. But only their weird echoes answered back. No one could say how the dis-

traught party reached the bottom—without Susan. Ellen had almost to be carried the whole way. Henry and the others frantically searched every inch of the way down. Susan had disappeared as though into thin air—with no outcry, no clue. It was night when the exhausted, hearibroken group reached the Inn. Peter Milano had become alarmed at the continued absence of the party and was about to organize a search when they straggled in. At once he knew something terrible had happened and was told the story of the strange disappearance of Susan.

Softly he spoke to his friend, Henry. "We'll get every person in this village to help us find Susan. Meanwhile, have no fear. She's old enough to protect herself till we reach her. We'll find her, be sure of that."

Throughout the night people holding flares were scouring the mountain side. It was at dawn that a boy came running and shouting—"A girl's hat—is this hers?" It was Susan's and had been found at the foot of the mountain! She had disappeared at the very top. Peter and Henry set out to climb up again—from the spot where the hat was found. They were gone twenty minutes when they both halted abruptly, ears cocked. There was a crackling of twigs—footsteps—and in front of their amazed eyes came Susan. Her clothes were torn, bedraggled, her face dirty—but she wore a happy smile and rushed joyfully into the arms of her father. As the elated group hurried downward, Susan told them that she had been getting the views at the summit of the mountain and had walked all around the edge to see the picture from every side when her foot slipped on a loose rock and before she could make an outcry she found herself falling, falling.

"Oh, daddy, I was frightened—my head felt dizzy—I wanted to cry," Susan was telling her tale. "And then as I was falling—a hand took hold of mine. It was a lady—she was smiling down at me and I stopped falling. She was beautiful. She took me into a cave and told me we'd better stay there overnight, and that she would get me home safely in the morning. We ate nuts and fruits for supper, daddy—and this morning she showed me a path that led down toward the Inn. She had beautiful golden hair. I asked her where she was going and . . ."

During this tale, Henry and Peter exchanged glances of incredulity and then amusement. Henry whispered to Peter, "She must have struck her head and imagined the whole thing. I'll have a doctor look at her as soon as we get down."

"But, daddy—don't you believe about the lady?" Susan had overheard and was indignant. "Well, she gave me a slipper—a gold slipper—so that I

wouldn't forget her . . ."

"Yes, dear," her father patiently answered. "And did you drop the slipper?"

Susan grasped in the large knapsack pocket of her jacket—and pulled out a lady's gold slipper!

They were now at the bottom and the crowds of searchers came rushing to meet them with shouts and cries. Susan was lifted to the shoulders of the happy people and Henry hurried to his wife. When he came downstairs he saw Peter preparing to start another climb. "But, Peter, are you mad? Why are you going up again?"

"I am going to look for Jeanine. The girl Susan described was my fiancé. I want to ask Susan to show me the path to the cave—you won't mind will you?" Peter spoke with a quiet intensity.

"Susan was just imagining the whole thing, Peter," Henry insisted. "She must have found that old slipper and her confused mind built up an imaginative story." Henry saw that Peter was unconvinced. "What happened to Jeanine?" Henry asked.

"Jeanine and I were going to be married and we had a party here at the Inn. She wanted to be alone awhile. By the time the guests had left I noticed Jeanine was missing. She had disappeared. She was wearing golden slippers—like the one Susan brought back. I never stopped searching for her. No trace has ever been found. I—Y've even looked for—far—her remains. Now—Susan has seen her! Let Susan lead me to the path! I must go!"

Henry had to say yes to his friend. There was a desperate look in his eyes.

"Susan should have rest, Peter," Henry said. "But we'll go to the start of the path then I'll have to take her back—you'll have to go on alone." He agreed.

Susan was delighted with her new importance. She led the way for her father and Peter, who followed in unusual silence. Only once he exclaimed—"I've never seen this path before! I've been over this ground—hundreds of times but. . . ." There was a narrow, winding path clearly marked. Henry began to feel the strangeness of the moment and the situation. What had his Susan stumbled into?

"We'll leave you here, Peter," Henry said. And he and Susan stood watching the hurrying figure of his friend, almost running along the upward path, until he disappeared behind a boulder.

Peter's last words were, "I'll be home tomorrow morning—and I'll bring Jeanine or whatever Susan saw."

Even Susan, young as she was, remained silent. Then she said—"Daddy, Mr. Milano is acting—sort of—strange. But I really did see the lady—and she was kind and beautiful. I showed you the golden slipper, daddy."

"Are you sure you didn't pick it up in the cave you went to?" her father asked.

"Of course, I'm sure, daddy," Susan insisted. "You wait and see—Mr. Milano will find his sweet-

heart and bring her back to the Inn. She'll tell you all about it."

There was a big party that night for Susan and a proud and tired little girl went to bed with the music still playing and coming through the slightly opened door of her room. Henry and Ellen tucked their daughter in tenderly and went into their own adjoining room. "Something's wrong," Ellen observed. "What is it, Henry? Are you worried about Peter?"

"Yes, dear, I am," Henry replied. "I thought he had gotten over his loss of Jeanine but this story of Susan's—and her finding that golden slipper—well, he isn't acting—normal."

"Why isn't he? Wouldn't you want to pursue any possible lead—even if it does sound fantastic?" Ellen argued. "He simply wants to eliminate every clue to her whereabouts. After he returns tomorrow he'll resume his normal life, you'll see."

Henry sat thinking a while, then—"Peter was amazed to find the path that Susan led us to. He knows the whole terrain as we know the street we live on. He had never before seen that path!" Peter had not returned by noon the next day. Henry waited impatiently as the hours passed. By nightfall he started to gather a searching party to go after Peter.

"You're all tired, I know. We've just gotten over one search—for Susan—and now we're starting on another. But, frankly, I'm worried about Peter. If you think I'm foolish—well, I'll set out by myself in the morning." They all decided to go with him.

It was difficult for Henry to find the path again but, he did. There had been a stone slide which almost concealed it, and the men had to pull away rocks and debris in order to continue along the route. But, finally, a large cave near the top loomed in front of him. Henry called out—"Peter—Peter—" and the party hurried into the cave. It was empty. They went outside again, calling their friend. They scattered over a wide area, looking for footprints, or other clues, but there was no sign of the missing man.

The discouraged group gathered again in front of the cave. "It's no use," one said, "there's no sign of Peter."

"Let's search the cave more thoroughly," Henry urged. "We'll use all our flashlights. He may have been here and dropped something—after all he headed for the cave and must have gone in."

The men began a search of the cave. "My God!" one of them ejaculated. Everyone rushed toward him. He was holding up one of Peter's hiking shoes—his initials printed in the lining! Without a word they set to searching the cave again. A creaking sound broke the silence. Their bodies tense, the men turned as one man in the direction of the sound. A heavy door of rock seemed to be swinging open. Cautiously they made their way toward it—and looked inside. There on the ground was the dead body of Peter Milano and in his arms a skeleton. And over one bony foot was—a lady's golden slipper!

EVERY-ONE'S LIFE IS MEASURED!! YES FATE AND DEATH KNOW THE MINUTES LEFT TO YOUR LIFE AND MINE... STILL WHEN TOD GRESHAM DRAGGED HIMSELF PAINFULLY TO THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE LOOKING FOR HELP HE WAS HORRIFIED TO FIND THE BODY OF HIS FRIEND, HARRY BAYNE, DANGLING FROM A HANGMAN'S NOOSE...AND MARA HIS SWEETHEART, BECKONING TO HIM. YES, THE TIME HAD COME, HOW?.....WHY?.....HE WONDERED IN TERROR. BUT, NOT FOR LONG.....NOT FOR LONG.....



IF THE NOOSE FITS-WEAR IT!

DON'T BE AFRAID, THE NOOSE WILL FIT NOW!!

YES, IT IS TRUE! YOU ARE DEATH!!



ON A VISIT TO GARRETT'S WAX-WORKS MUSEUM HARRY BAYNE WAS STRUCK BY THE HANGING WITCH ON THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE, WHILE TOD GRESHAM'S EYE WAS CAUGHT BY THE BEAUTY OF A STRANGE GIRL....

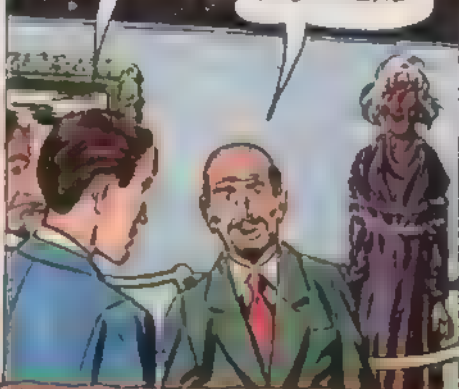
TOD-LOOK-THIS IS QUITE INTERESTING- THE BODY WAS JUST EXHUMED A WEEK AGO....

THAT GIRL IN THIS PLACE, HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS.



WON'T YOU TELL US THE STORY OF THIS FIGURE?.. MR. GARRETT!

YES, GENTLE- MEN, THERE'S A FASCINATING STORY CONCERNING THIS FIGURE-



ABOUT THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO IN A SMALL VILLAGE ELSE THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER OF A RICH MAN DISAPPEARED....

ELSA AND HER FRIEND HAD BEEN WALKING THROUGH THE WOODS WHEN SUDDENLY AN OLD CRONE OF THE VILLAGE, JENNY HARRIS, APPEARED WAVING A STICK AT THEM. ELSA, HER RED HAIR FLOWING DOWN HER BACK, IMMEDIATELY DISAPPEARED. INSTEAD, WHERE SHE WAS, HER FRIEND KAREN SAW ONLY A RED FOX.

HELP, HELP! JENNY'S DONE EVIL TO ELSA—SHE'S BEWITCHED HER....

STUPID GIRL! WISH I COULD BE-WITCH YOU AND ALL THOSE VILLAGERS....

AND THIS COURT DECREES THAT JENNY HARRIS, FOR UNLAWFULLY PRACTICING WITCHCRAFT AND CAUSING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ELSA VENNING--SHALL THIS DAY HANG BY THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE AS DECREED FOR WITCHES...

BEEH...
AIEEEE...

AND SO THE WITCH WAS HUNG THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. WE NOW HAVE THIS BODY, RECENTLY EXHUMED, WITH THE ORIGINAL HANGMAN'S NOOSE....

OF COURSE LATER KAREN WAS FOUND!!

WE NOW SELL MINIATURE NOOSES MADE OF THE ORIGINAL ROPE TO COLLECTORS OF CURIOS...

WE WOULD LOVE THEM!

NO-NO DO NOT BUY THEM! FORGIVE ME FOR INTERFERING BUT THEY BELONG TO THE DEAD.

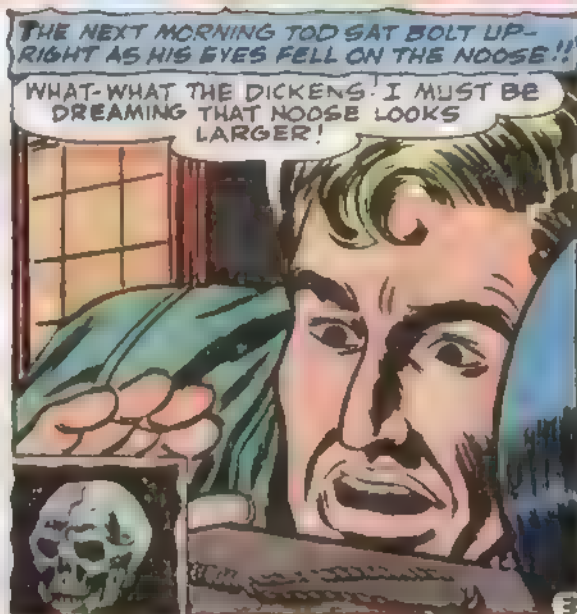
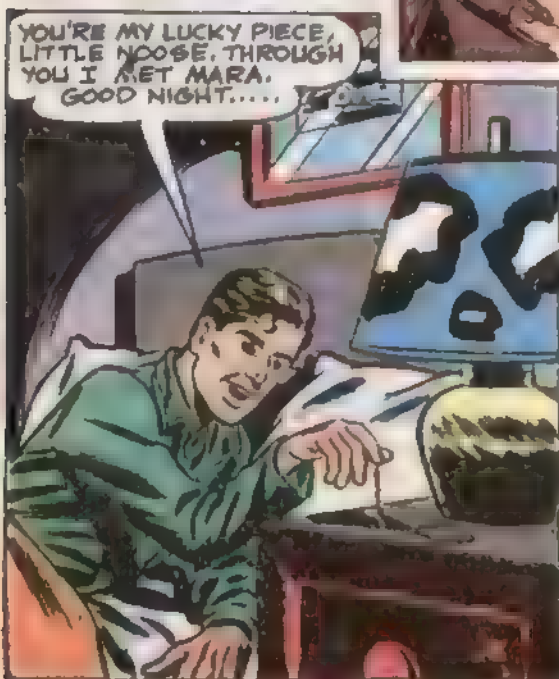
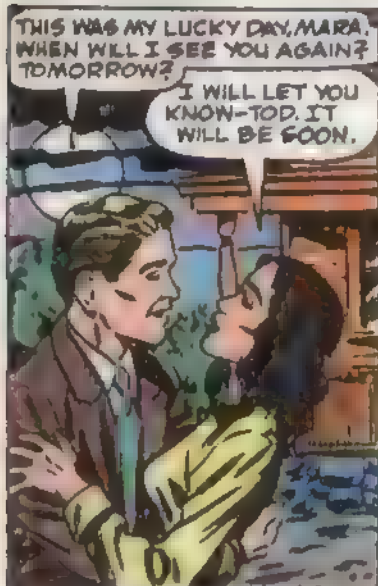
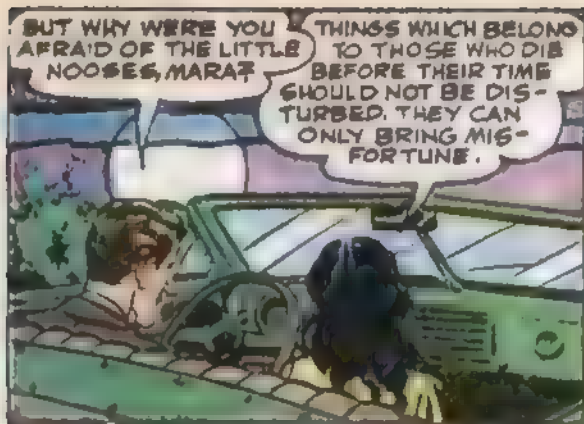
BOTH TOD AND HARRY LAUGHED AT THE SHOCKED YOUNG LADY AND BOUGHT THE GRISLY SOUVENIOR NOOSES.....TOD BECAME FRIENDLY WITH THE GIRL AND ASKED TO TAKE HER HOME.

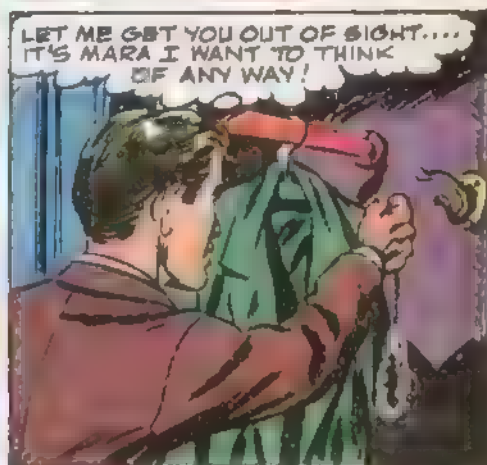
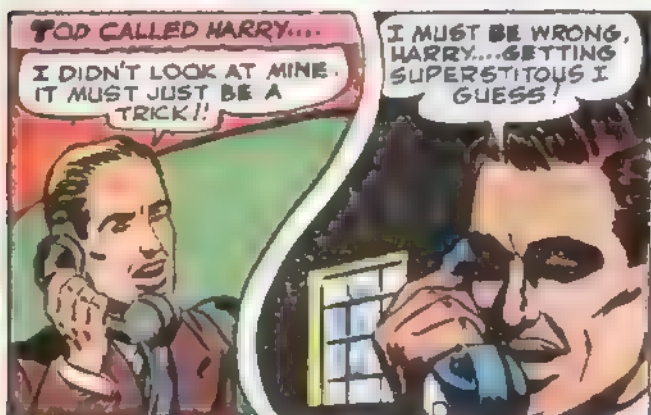
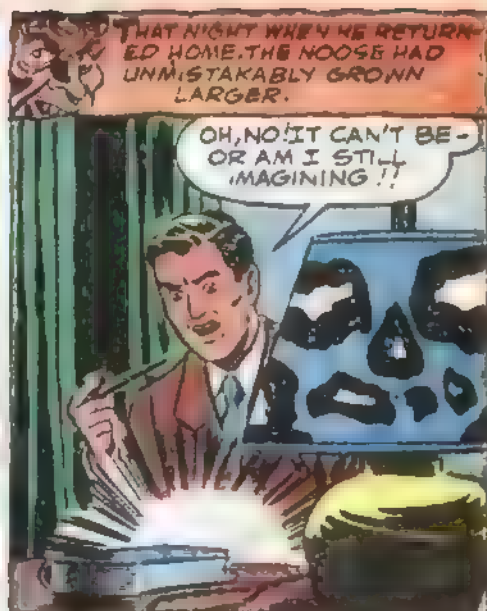
CALL YOU TOMORROW, TOD!

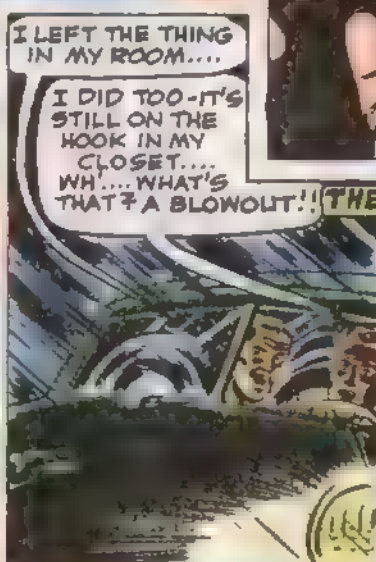
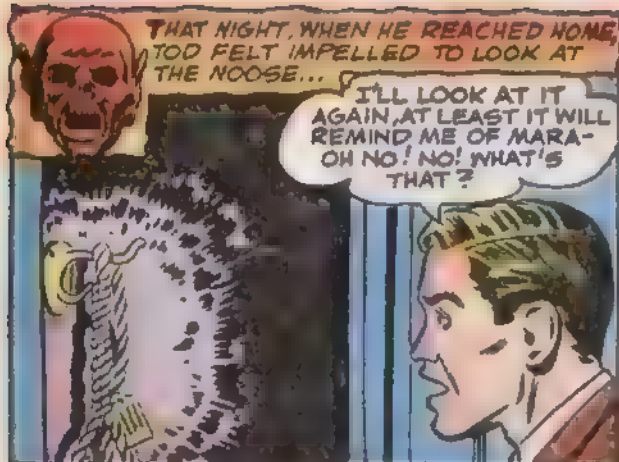
RIGHTO, HARRY! I'M DELIGHTED YOU SPOKE TO US MISS.

I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF... TOD, MY NAME IS MARA.

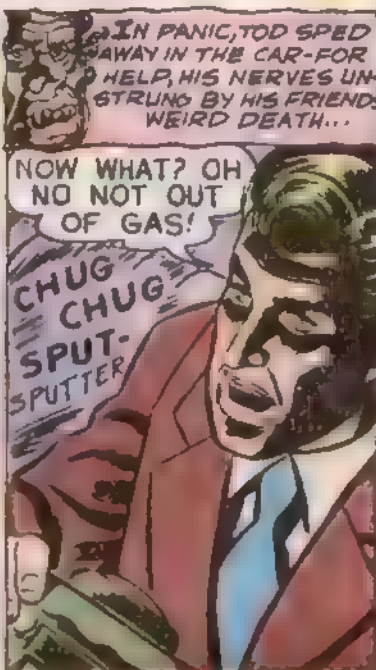




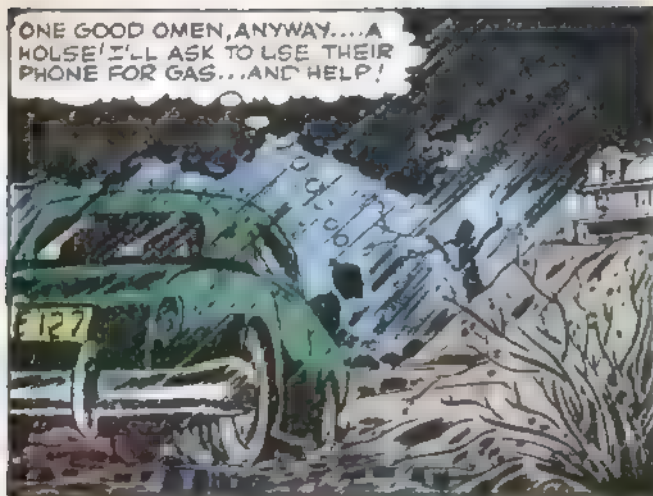




THEN AS TOD REPAIRED THE TIRE, SOMETHING MADE HIM LOOK UP- HE SAW A CAR SUDDENLY SWISH BY, KNOCKING HARRY BACKWARD OVER THE EDGE OF THE STEEP CLIFF....

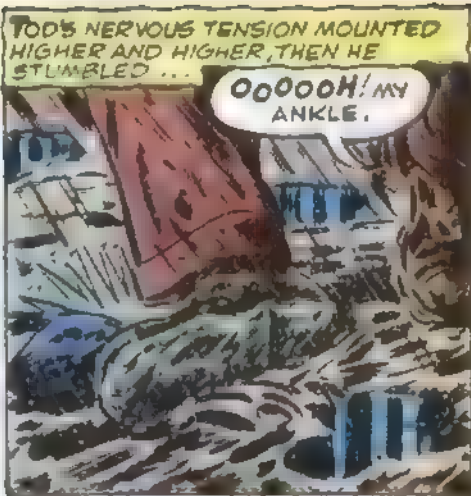


ONE GOOD OMEN, ANYWAY... A
HOLSE! I'LL ASK TO USE THEIR
PHONE FOR GAS... AND HELP!



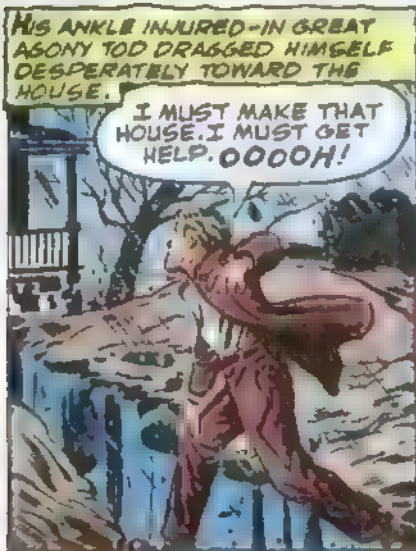
TOD'S NERVOUS TENSION MOUNTED
HIGHER AND HIGHER, THEN HE
STUMBLERD ...

OOOOH! MY
ANKLE.



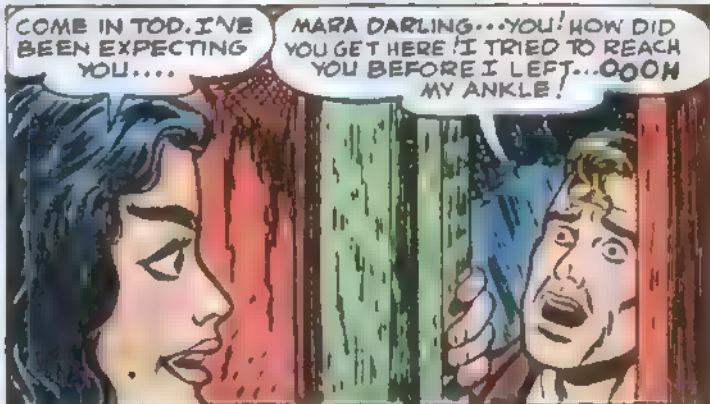
HIS ANKLE INJURED - IN GREAT
AGONY TOD DRAGGED HIMSELF
DESPERATELY TOWARD THE
HOUSE.

I MUST MAKE THAT
HOUSE. I MUST GET
HELP. OOOOH!



COME IN TOD. I'VE
BEEN EXPECTING
YOU....

MARA DARLING... YOU! HOW DID
YOU GET HERE? I TRIED TO REACH
YOU BEFORE I LEFT... OOOH
MY ANKLE!



COME WITH ME, TOD.
I'LL MAKE YOU
COMFORTABLE!!

BUT - ALL THESE
STAIRS... WHERE?...



MARA - CALL A DOCTOR AT ONCE.
I THINK MY ANKLE IS BROKEN.

DON'T WORRY, TOD.
THE PAIN WILL BE
OVER SOON





THIS WAY-TOD.
IN HERE.

BUT-THAT'S
-MY FRIEND
-HARRY! AND
THE HANGMAN'S
NOOSE....



I-I LEFT HARRY'S BODY
AT THE BOTTOM OF A RA-
VINE. WE LEFT THE NOOSES
IN OUR ROOMS...MARA
MARA...WHO-ARE-YOU?



I WILL BRING YOU EASE
FROM PAIN.... COME INTO
MY ARMS...

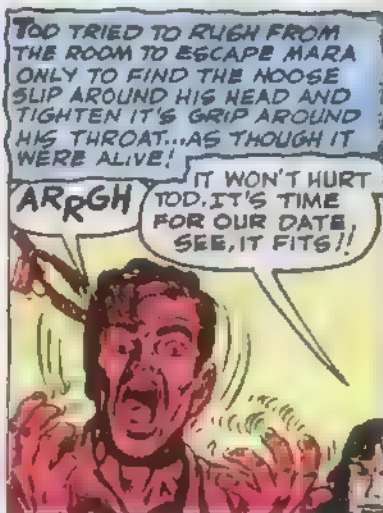
UGH...LET GO
OF ME...I MUST
GET AWAY FROM
YOU...



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY-TOD!!
IT'S TIME FOR OUR DATE NOW.



YOU'RE EVIL-YOU BRING
DEATH...AND I LOVED YOU.
MY NOOSE! IT'S HERE TOO...



TOD TRIED TO RUSH FROM
THE ROOM TO ESCAPE MARA
ONLY TO FIND THE NOOSE
SLIP AROUND HIS HEAD AND
TIGHTEN IT'S GRIP AROUND
HIS THROAT...AS THOUGH IT
WERE ALIVE!

ARGH IT WON'T HURT
TOD. IT'S TIME
FOR OUR DATE.
SEE, IT FITS!!



I-TOLD-YOU-I'D-
BRING-YOU-PEACE...

THE
END

CANNIBALS' REVENGE

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES ALL BUT A VERY FEW PEOPLE HAVE HAD ONE TABOO IN COMMON... THE BLOODY ORGIES OF BABYLON AND ROME... THE HORRIBLE SACRIFICES OF EGYPT AND YUCATAN, ALL STOPPED SHORT AT ONE THRESHOLD OF HORROR, AT WHICH EVEN MAD NERO AND RUTHLESS TAMERLANE SHUDDERED! SOMEHOW EVEN THE MOST VICIOUS MONSTERS HAVE REALIZED THAT THERE IS ONE CRIME MORE LOATHESOME THAN MURDER...



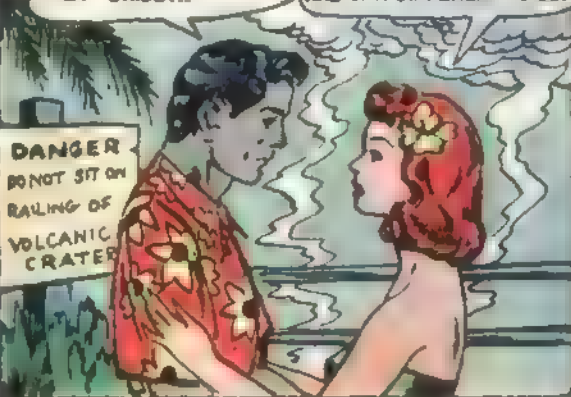
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY / THESE NATIVES ARE CANNIBALS!

SEIZE HIM / HE HAS STRUCK THE CHIEF!

THE VOLCANIC ISLAND OF OMAHUNA... IN THE SOUTH SEAS... A NATIVE BOY LOVED A WHITE GIRL...

THAT'S HOW IT IS, IRENE, I'VE LOVED YOU SINCE WE WERE IN COLLEGE TOGETHER. I WANT YOU TO BE MY BRIDE...

I'M FOND OF YOU DUKE, YOU KNOW THAT, BUT-BUT I CAN'T ANSWER YET / YOU ARE OF A DIFFERENT RACE.



I SEE... YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT TO MARRY A KANAKA / A-A NATIVE / IS THAT IT? YOU THINK WE'RE NOT CIVILIZED.

OF COURSE NOT DUKE / YOU KNOW EVERYONE RESPECTS YOU / YOU'RE EDUCATED, CULTURED, SUCCESSFUL. BUT ---

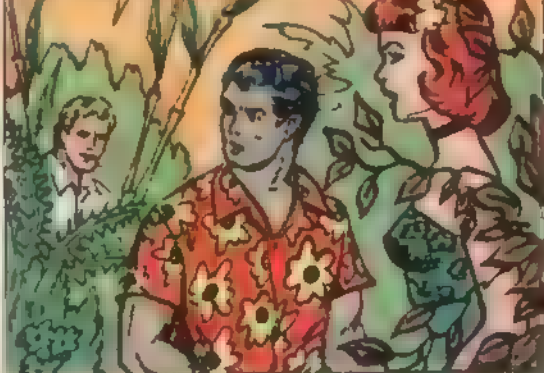
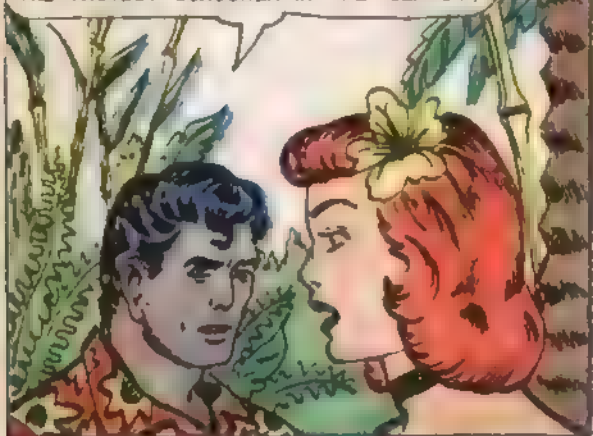


BUT STILL A NATIVE/ BRUCE CLAYMOORE REMINDED ME OF THAT WHEN HE BLACK-BALLED ME AT THE YACHT CLUB/ KEPT ME FROM JOINING IN SPITE OF MY OWNING THE FASTEST SCHOONER IN THE ISLANDS/

OH DUKE/ BRUCE WOULDN'T/

OH BUT I WOULD/ I DID/ AND I'LL RESIGN BEFORE I'LL BELONG TO A CLUB THAT LETS IN A CANNIBAL/

BRUCE/ YOU'VE BEEN LEAVESDROPPING/



BRUCE WAS PROUD OF HIS WHITE SKIN AND WAS JEALOUS OF IRENE'S ATTENTIONS TO DUKE. . .

I WON'T STAY AND LISTEN TO ANOTHER OF YOUR SILLY ARGUMENTS. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU AT THE CAR, DUKE...

YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT DUKE'S OLD HAWAIIAN CUSTOMS? HAS HE EVER TOLD YOU ABOUT YOUR FATHER WAS BORN EATING "LONG-PIG"?

BUT NOT BEFORE YOUR GREAT GRAND-DAD'S TIME, EH? I UNDERSTAND OLD CHIEF KAMAHU ATE OVER 300 PEOPLE BEFORE THE BRITISH GUNBOATS PUT AN END TO HIS HIGH PROTEIN DIET/

CURSE YOU, CLAYMOORE/ YOU'VE ALWAYS TORMENTED ME WITH YOUR "WHITE SUPERIORITY"-- IN MY LAND I'M A CHIEF, A GOD.

WE WHITES ARE SUPERIOR/ I WON'T LET WRENE MARRY YOU. YOU'RE NOT A GOD YOU'RE.. UGH

WHY YOU/

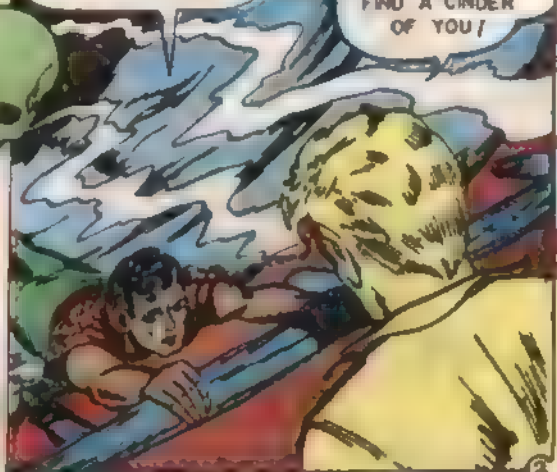
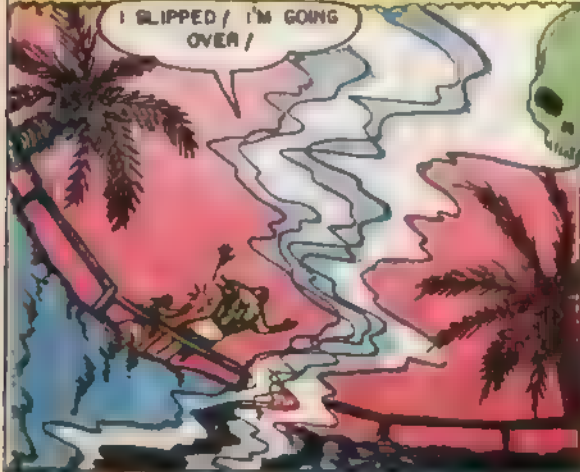


SARACELY THE TWO BITTER ENEMIES BATTLE INSANELY ON THE EDGE OF THE LAVA-FILLED CRATER SUDDENLY, DUKE FELL, BUT GRABBED THE RAIL/

I SLIPPED/ I'M GOING OVER/

PULL ME UP/ I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER/ THE HEAT/ IT'S KILLING ME/

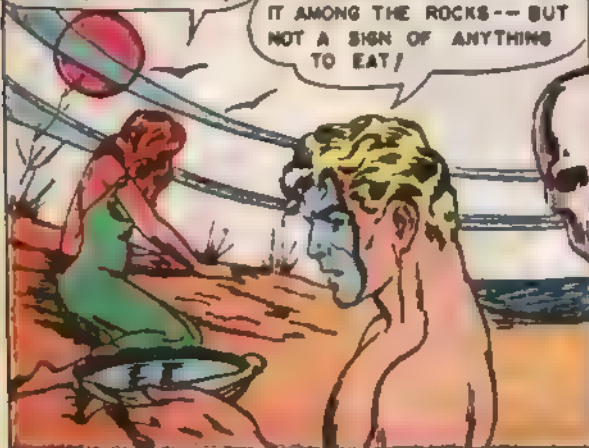
HHMM. IF YOU FELL INTO THAT LAVA THEY'D NEVER FIND A CINDER OF YOU/



WHEN MORNING CAME THE STORM CLOUDS WERE REPLACED BY THE BROILING TROPICAL SUN...

WATER--- I'M THIRSTY
BRUCE, AND HUNGRY!

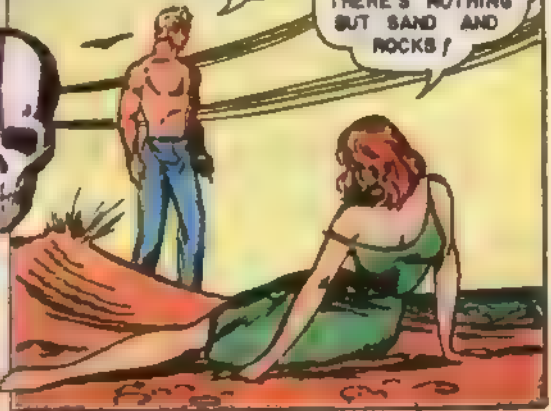
HERE'S SOME RAIN WATER--
THERE'S A BIG POOL OF
IT AMONG THE ROCKS-- BUT
NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING
TO EAT!



LATER...

WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME-
THING TO EAT... THERE MUST
BE SOMETHING / CLAMS OR
FLOATING COCONUTS...

IT'S NO USE /
WE'VE LOOKED
OVER EVERY INCH
OF THIS BEACH /
THERE'S NOTHING
BUT SAND AND
ROCKS!



WE HAVE TO EXPLORE THE
WHOLE ISLAND AGAIN YOU TAKE
ONE SIDE AND I'LL TAKE THE
OTHER / I'LL MEET YOU BACK
HERE

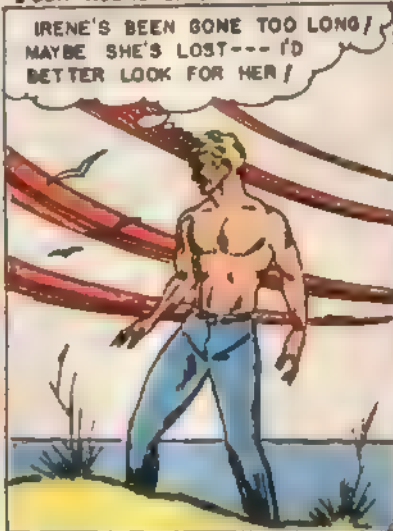
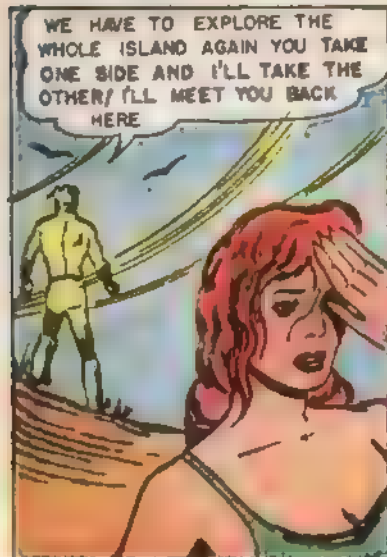
FOUR HOURS LATER BRUCE RETURNS

IRENE'S BEEN GONE TOO LONG!
MAYBE SHE'S LOST--- I'D
BETTER LOOK FOR HER!

SUDDENLY SOME NATIVES
APPEARED...

AT LAST SOME
HUMANS, EVEN
THOUGH THEY
ARE NATIVES...
MY FRIEND!

SEIZE LONG
PIG! TAKE
HIM TO VILLAGE



BRUCE IS DRAGGED OVER A SAND DUNE AND SEES...

A NATIVE VILLAGE / BUT I
WAS HERE BEFORE AND
THE SPOT WAS DESERTED!

WELCOME, WHITE MAN!
VILLAGE OF KUMONA
HAPPY HAVE YOU VISIT
US!

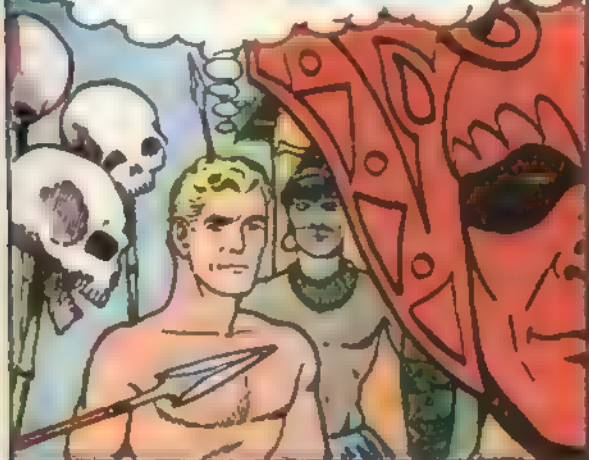


THANK HEAVENS YOUR FRIENDLY!
I'M STARVING / GIVE ME SOME-
THING TO EAT / AND THERE'S A
GIRL WITH ME / HAVE YOU
SEEN HER?

COME BY
FIRE / I SEND
MY MEN FIND
GIRL.

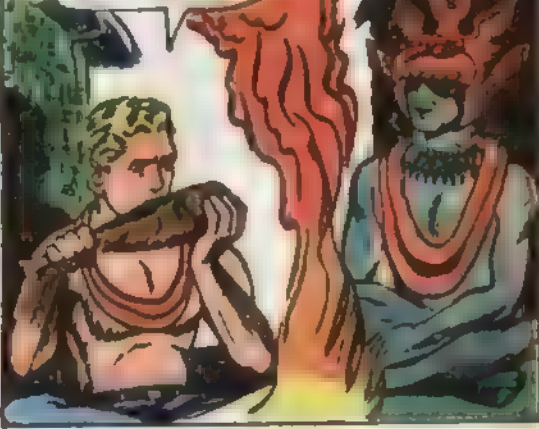


THOSE SKULLS... THESE NATIVES ARE HEADHUNTERS - BUT I'M SO HUNGRY I DON'T CARE! THEY SEEM FRIENDLY ANYWAY! GUESS THEY CAN RECOGNIZE A CIVILIZED MAN.

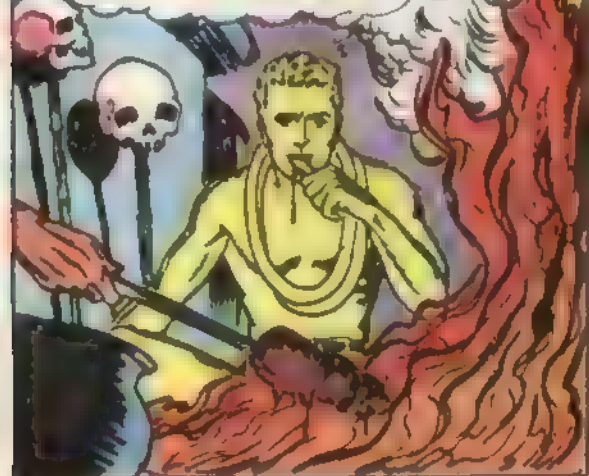


LATE

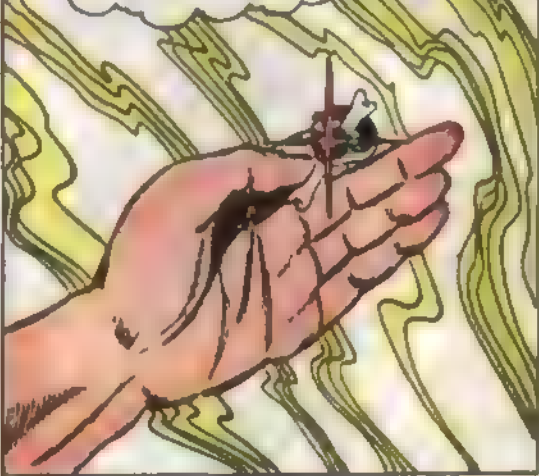
THIS IS DELICIOUS FOOD, CHIEF BUT HAVEN'T YOU FOUND MY FIANCEE YET? THIS IS A SMALL ISLAND.



I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT CRACK? OH OH! I BIT INTO SOMETHING IN THIS MEAT--- IT FEELS LIKE...



A RING! SOMEONE MUST HAVE DROPPED IT... BUT... IT--IT LOOKS LIKE WENE'S / IT IS WENE'S

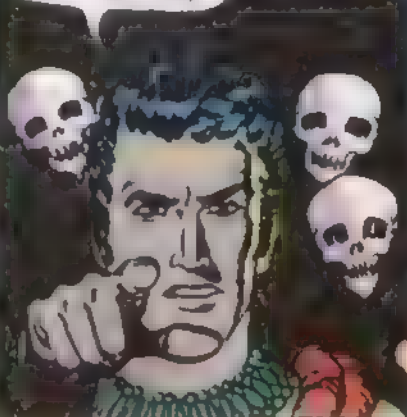
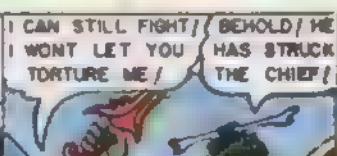
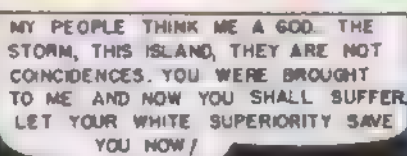
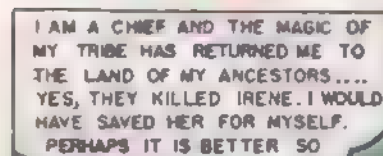
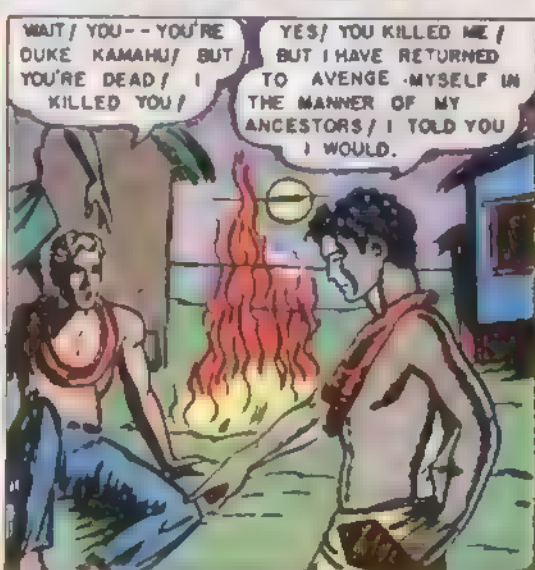
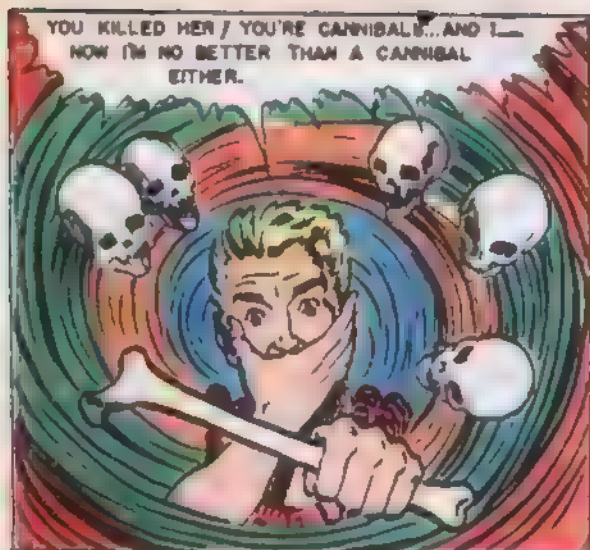


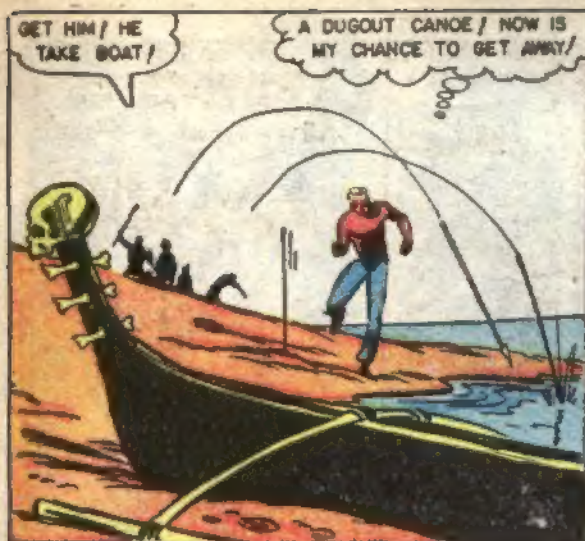
CHIEF! YOU'VE BEEN LYING TO ME! YOU KNOW WHERE GIRL IS! THIS IS HER RING



THEN THE TRUTH DAWNED ON BRUCE... SHE'S DEAD.. NO/ NO/ I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I-I WON'T BELIEVE IT!







She'll be your "Dream Girl"
You'll "Bewitch" her with it

Bewitching

Daring
"BLACK
MAGIC"



"DREAM GIRL" She'll look alluring, breathtaking, enticing, exotic . . . Just picture her in it . . . beautiful, fascinating SEE-THRU sheer. Naughty but nice . . . It's French Fashion Snery . . . with peek-a-boo magic lace . . . Gorgeously transparent yet completely practical (washes like a dream . . . will not shrink). Has lacy waistline, lacy shoulder straps and everything to make her love you for it. A charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion . . . In gorgeous Black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 36,
314 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send me DREAM GIRL gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

() I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 50¢ postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

() I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Heaven
Sent

Oriental Magic



Out of the pages of the Arabian Nights comes this glamorous sheer Harem pajama. She'll look beguiling, alluring, irresistible, enticing. She'll thrill to the sleek, clinging wispy appeal that they will give her. She'll love you for transplanting her to a dream world of adoration centuries old. Brief figure hugging top gives flattering appeal to its daring bare midriff. Doubled at the right places it's the perfect answer for hostess wear. Billowing sheer bottoms for rich luxurious lounging. She'll adore you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In wispy sheer black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 36S,
314 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send HEAVEN SENT gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

() I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 50¢ postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

() I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Black
Sorcery



Daring
Bare-back
She'll be
entranced
with it

Your Dream Girl will be an exquisite vision of allurements, charms, fascination and loveliness in this exotic, bewitching, daring, bare-back, filmy sheer gown. Its delicate, translucent fabric (washes like a dream) will not shrink. Paris at home, with this cleverly designed halter neck that ties or unties at the flick of a finger. Lavishly laced midriff and peek-a-boo bottom. She'll love you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In exquisite black sheer.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 36S,
314 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send BLACK SORCERY gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

() I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 50¢ postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

() I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

REDUCE LARGE BUST APPEARANCE OR NO COST!



Now large bust women can have a new shapely breast loveliness . . . it's easy to look youthfully trim in your hide-a-way NU-YUTH Bra—developed by America's leading figure control experts—for a shapely, slenderized appearance that you thought was only a dream. And so comfortable! Don't risk a cent. Thrill with your NU-YUTH "appeal" look at our risk!

**WEAR
10 DAYS
FREE
SIZES 34 to 52**

**New HIDE AWAY Nu-Yuth BRA
Reduces Large Appearance in Seconds**



1. Special design control cups, for maximum support and youthful separation.
2. Exclusive, adjustable, midriff gives custom-made fit. Does away with unsightly "ties" without binding and discomfort. No ridges in flesh.
3. V-shaped, elasticized inserts breathe right with you.
4. Ingenious figure control fastenings make it easy to put on or take off.

Your NU-YUTH BRA is the result of a revolutionary new discovery in bra-design. Permits you to hide-a-way the "extra" in both bosom and tummy . . . AND . . . it's just seconds for the change to a new world of attractiveness.

LOOK SLIMMER—YOUNGER—MORE ATTRACTIVE

Now Hide-A-Way your large bust troubles. Easy with NU-YUTH Bra to comfortably regulate your own size. Don't despair because of sagging, heavy, wide bust. Amazing new magic laced midriff adjusts to your own figure. Gives you Sweet Sixteen separation and firmness. Chafe-proof seams, bind-proof construction and extra comfort to super-corded pre-shrunk durable broadcloth.

**ORDER 2
AT LOW**

**Introductory
Price
Rush
Coupon**

Adjust NU-YUTH to CONTOUR *you want*

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Let us send you a NU-YUTH Bra. Wear 10 days at our risk. Introductory price only \$2.98 if you act now. If not delighted your money back. RUSH COUPON TODAY . . . NOW! SIZES 34 to 52—B, C, D cups. Color: Nude.

The S. J. Wegman Co., Dept. NY-712
236 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.
Send my "NU-YUTH" Bra by return mail. If I am not 100% delighted I'll send it back in 10 days for full purchase price refund.
How Many? _____ (2 for \$5.95)

Bust size _____ cup
☐ Send C. O. D. I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus postage.
☐ Enclosed find \$2.98. S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Try 20 Vials of World-Famous Perfumes for only \$2⁰⁰

MOST AMAZING PERFUME OFFER EVER MADE

These are the SAME, GENUINE, ORIGINAL perfumes that you've seen in Harper's Bazaar, Vogue, Mademoiselle, Charm, Glamour, Seventeen and all the other leading fashion magazines advertised to sell for as much as \$35⁰⁰ a bottle.

You get 2 vials EACH
of every one of
these perfumes

BLACK SATIN by ANGELIQUE
COEUR-JOIE by *nina riel*
COMMAND PERFORMANCE by helene rubinstein
MY ALBI by RENOIR
SHINING HOUR by Jeopardine Cochran
BREATHLESS by *Charbet*
MIDNIGHT by TUSSY
GOLD SATIN by ANGELIQUE
FIVE O'CLOCK by GOURIELLI

**Genuine
Perfume**

not colognes...not toilet waters

The manufacturers of these famous perfumes want to acquaint you with their product. This bargain offer is made so that you can try each one and then decide which better suits your personality. Naturally, all these wonderful perfumes are available at your local drug or department store in regular sizes at the nationally advertised prices.

Make him say "YOU'RE LOVELIER THAN EVER." Don't miss this chance to make the man of your dreams lose his heart. Authentic Perfumes in each glass vial!

As
advertised
in



You get the opportunity
to browse at leisure
among
10 fragrances...

Perfume is one of the most exciting of feminine accessories! It can delight the senses enormously... be pleasing to you yourself, and make you appear lovelier to others. Because your particular perfume should be chosen with care, after wearing it and "living with it," this offer has been created to help you sample ten popular favorites. Try them one by one. Then choose as your own the one that best fits your personality.

There are a very limited number of these packets available, and you will certainly want to order for your personal use, or for gift giving. Mail coupon now!

PERFUME IMPORT CO., Dept. 76,
318 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the 20-vial perfume packet. I may return perfumes within 7 days for complete refund.

☐ I enclose \$2.00 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid. (I save up to 50c postage.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ Send _____ packets at \$2.00. I enclose \$_____